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SUNDAY REFLECTIONS.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." And now the law is that we reap a harvest of happiness that our fathers sowed; and that we in turn are to sow harvests of well being that other hands will reap. That man is worth the most to Astoria who sows the greatest harvests for the coming generations. That man is worth the least who lives for today and to-day only. There has been a determined effort in Astoria during the past month to so improve the moral conditions of the city that it will lend an attractiveness to visitors. There has been an effort to sow seeds of civic righteousness that will spring up and bear fruit, that will redound to the future glory and grandness of the Venice of America where grand and ennobling impulses will supplant viciousness and immorality to the end that the rising generation who shall reap the harvest will in turn plant for those who are to follow; those who are to step upon the world's field of action and uphold and direct our commonwealth. It is a mistaken idea that Astoria is peopled with an immoral element, and that their patronage is the life of trade to the business community. Some five years ago Astoria contained a population of about 8,000 people. Twenty years ago it had a population of about 5,000. To-day it has a population of 12,500. The increase of over 50 percent in its population has not been augmented by the vicious class, but by the refined and cultured people of the east. Those who pander to the lower strata of society will reap what they have sown. If a decrease in the population of the undesirable element, affects business to the extent of an irreparable loss to the merchants, then it is not giving those that comprise the moral element credit for their efforts to save the rising generation from the wiles and snares and temptations that constantly beset them by the small minority. If the patronage of the low and vicious is the incentive for reactionary methods, then it is the duty of all catering to that trade to designate their place of business as the rendezvous of that class of people. If the patronage of the better element is of secondary importance, efforts will be made to provide a respectable place of business where they will not be contaminated by the influence of a class who have no regard for our laws; for happy homes, for refinement and culture, but who are willing to tear down the structure upon which society is founded in efforts to allure the young from the paths of rectitude to lives of sin and shame. For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. The many noble women of Astoria, enlisted in the cause of civic improvement; in the beautifying the homes of the city; in honest efforts to improve the social and moral condition of society, have banded together for the betterment of the city in every branch and in every department. The conservative element of Astoria comprise fully two-thirds of the population. They are numbered among the men who labor in the various mills and industries, who take exceptions to the statement that merchants must rely upon the vicious for their patronage and who are lending their aid and moral support to the purification of the city, and whose patronage is worth ten times the amount derived from the class, which it is alleged have been forced by the so-called moral wave to seek fields new, and pastures green, for plying their vocations. There have been too many tares sown in Astoria. The harvest has been a disgrace to the city and to its people. What the people in the past have sown, that have they reaped. Compare the conditions and sentiment of Astoria with that of twenty years ago, and is there a single merchant that would be willing to go back to that time when Astoria's reputation was anything but elevating and refined? The contest for civic and

righteous improvement has not been a personal warfare. It has been in the interests of the city, of its people, of its future greatness to the end that it may be a city of happy homes surrounded by fields of education producing a higher class of manhood and womanhood and for the betterment of society. It matters not how low a man has sunk in the quagmire of dissipation, or who has been driven to select his associates and companions from the lower strata of society; it matters not what business a man may be engaged in; whether it is in the dens of sin and vice and shame, there is not one but has respect for the refined and intelligent; those who are working to uplift mankind and make better boys and girls, better men and better women, but there is no one that can express admiration for or have any respect for, the element whose morals and tendencies lead to the downfall of young boys and girls and who are recognized as social outcasts, and whose presence has cast a blight upon our fair city, and from whose influence a very large majority of the people are seeking to purge the city, relying upon the support of all loyal men and women in order that future harvests may be productive of lasting good and benefit. Choose whom ye will serve. No man can serve two masters. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

DEATH OF HAY.

The announcement of the death of Secretary of State John Hay has plunged, not only the United States, but the world, into the most profound sorrow. In the demise of this eminent statesman the diplomatic world has lost its peer, foreign nations, a friend, the United States, the able captain who has held its helm for more than a decade, his loss will be keenly felt. An advocate for universal peace, the greatest diplomatic achievements of the century have been accredited to Mr. Hay. And too, when the United States promised to become involved in international complications, far above the fitness and lovable personality of President McKinley and above the fearless and admirable characteristics of President Roosevelt rose the master hand of Hay. The subtleness of his guidance was such as win him the respect of every nation; among diplomats he was recognized as the most remarkable man of the age. Aside from his thoroughness as a diplomat, the persistency with which he adhered to his duty, even while enduring the most discouraging physical suffering, endeared him to the hearts of the people. His death, though sudden, was the result of an illness extending over a period of many months. This suffering was due entirely to overwork. That such a man has given his life for the United States he loved so well should instill all Americans with the highest appreciation of the obligation due their country. Children should be taught to follow the splendid motives which have characterized Mr. Hay's career since he first entered upon a public life. His name will be carried to posterity as that of one of the greatest Americans, a man who was capable in the extreme, lovable and one who thought more of his country and of the function he was to perform for it, than of his life. May the sympathies of the country be turned to the very excellent woman who survives him.

COMMENT

Promotion in the diplomatic service is expected to be slow for a while, as it is understood that Mr. Bowen does not intend to file charges against anyone in the immediate future.

And good gracious, if the Chinese are about to boycott us we will order customs employees to act considerably toward everybody—except Americans.

Occasionally an Astoria bachelor kisses a baby girl because he hasn't the nerve to tackle one nearer his own size.

Astorians are anxiously waiting to see where an armistice is first declared—in Chicago or Manchuria.

Grover Cleveland has called attention to some of the objectionable points of American tendencies, or "business madness" as he terms it. This is safer than attacking a woman's club.

An Astoria barber advertises, "If you want your soup-strainers pruned, will block them out in any pattern, lip ticklers, fantails, billy goat or peach-erinos. Haircuts of all kinds from a woolly willie to a ring a round a rosy. Ears washed without extra charge.

While boring an oil well at Carson City, Nev., gold was discovered on the grounds of the state capitol. A mining

claim was filed immediately. Isn't that capital?

"The president has been made a doctor of Laws. Good. We've got a whole lot of laws that need doctoring," comments the San Francisco Examiner. It apparently has not occurred to the Examiner that it, with its associations, the Hearst papers and their "longest least wire" have failed utterly in their endeavors to doctor the whole country.

A Miss Parrot in San Francisco was recently married to Francis J. McComas. Mr. McComas will eventually realize how appropriate is his wife's surname.

In Redlands, Cal., a husband and wife were buried under a red hot stove; probably in anticipation of their final resting place.

A "dun" in Fresno, Cal., awakened to realize he was "done" only on beholding the dead body of his debtor.

Erastus Bartlett, of Oakland, Cal., almost had some very valuable property located at Bellingham, Wash., spirited away by two spiritual mentors who are now in durance vile.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Other Man's Job.

There's a craze among us mortals that is cruel hard to name, Whereso'er you find a human you will find the case the same. You may seek among the worst of men or seek among the best, Each believes that his own calling is along some other line Than the one at which he's working—take, for instance, yours and mine. From the meanest "me too" creature to the leader of the mob There's a universal craving "for the other fellow's job." There are millions of positions in the busy world today, Each a drudge to him who holds it, but him who doesn't play. Every farmer's broken hearted that in youth he missed his call. While that same unhappy farmer is the envy of us all. Any task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot. Than the one especial something which you happen to have got. There's but one sure way to smother envy's heartache in her sob—Keep to busy at your own to want "the other fellow's job" —Success.

What a Lie is.

A Sunday school was asked by his teacher in the course of the lesson, "What is a lie?" "A lie," responded the infant with deliberation, "is an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in trouble."

Don't you mind the noisy boy who lives next door to you—maybe he will get lock-jaw on the Fourth.

What They Had Entertained.

Leatherhead—I heard Miss Britely, that you had been entertaining a good deal at your home recently?

Miss Britely—Your informant erred except he meant that we had been entertaining grave fears less some misguided person would call before we were through house cleaning.—Washington Post.

"Medicine."

"Funny thing about whiskey and prohibition."

"What's the answer?" "Let prohibition go into effect and whiskey immediately becomes a drug on the market."

Transferred Charity.

Mrs. Van Slummer—Little boy, how would you like to go on my fresh-air outing next week?

Reddy McTurk—Outer sight, lady, but me brudder he needs fresh air more'n me. He's a ticket chopper in de subway.

—Puck.

The Theater-Goer's Verdict.

"So you actually went to church? Was the music good?"

"Oh, pretty fair. But they had the homeliest chorus I ever looked at."—Cleveland Leader.

Minor Casualties.

First American Citizen—Did you lose any of your children on the Fourth? Second American Citizen—Oh, no; nothing, but an eye and a few fingers.—Life.

So Natural.

Mrs. Kostick—John, why do you make such a fool of yourself.

Mr. Kostick—My dear, I'm to take the part of a fool in our private theat-

ricals, and I was doing a bit of rehearsing.

Mrs. Kostick—Well, you're wasting your time with amateurs. You should seek a professional engagement at once.—Cleveland Leader.

All She Wanted.

Bea—So you didn't marry Mr. Skaggs after all?

Jeannie—No, but I kept Tess from marrying him, all right!—Cleveland Leader.

Going to Leave Us.

S. D. Vincent, the affable, urbane and unobtrusive promulgator of the virtues of a certain marvelous preparation, the product of the H. E. Bucklin & company, of Chicago, soon will leave us. Those who deal out patent nostrums are familiar with the masterful way in which Mr. Vincent brings the salient features of "Bucklin's Sure to Kill" into public view by lavishly using space in enterprising daily newspapers. Vincent was a caller at the Astorian office yesterday and told a really clever joke. The merits of the squib appealed to his hearers more than the fact that it was not entirely new.

"Speaking of patent medicines," said Vincent, "I am reminded of a good joke I heard awhile ago. 'Why does a chicken cross the street?'"

"Give it up."

"To get on the other side," Vincent had a good laugh and then with a long face said something about having to "see the 'ad' man."

Sherman Remembered.

Upon a certain occasion General Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held. Among the line of people who filed in and out to shake hands with the great war hero, General Sherman perceived a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside as he welcomed the guest heartily.

The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand:

"Made your shirts sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the General proudly, turning to the Receiving Committee behind him: "Allow me to present Major Shurtz."

The Goldfield Sun advertises: "Rags wanted at the Sun office." The editor is evidently desirous of increasing his exchange list.

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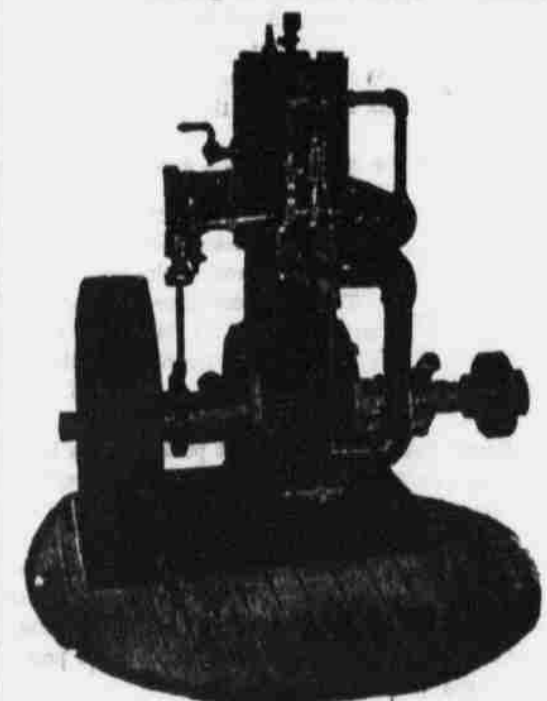
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